

Rev. Robt. Phelps.

Present.





Regarding your inability to officiate on the memorable occasion, let me assure you, that exclusive of the regret I felt, that sickness should have prevented the thoughtful kindness of several members of the Church and the testimony of Bro. H. L. Jones (who has secured my lasting esteem) left me nothing to desire.

Therefore no apologies are necessary. I was aware of your illness, but not of its full extent.

Receive my congratulations on regaining your health so far as to be able to ride and walk out.

That it may be speedily and permanently restored, so as to warrant the resumption of your labors in the pulpit is the ardent wish of your friends.

Geo. A. Phelps.

H. A. Perry.



unclosed, and the mournful reflection comes over me, that the laughing eyes of my darling boy, whom I have looked upon with so much pride, will return my gaze of love no more— His singing voice never again thrill my ear with its melody— That I have received his parting kiss, and heard the last sound of his light and bounding footsteps.

Notwithstanding all this, I acknowledge I have much to be grateful for I have enjoyed much in the uninterrupted possession of my household treasures. My home has been the abode of peace and love, hitherto unclouded, save by my husband's absence. Perhaps I felt too secure in my happiness, forgetting the frail tenure by which I held it— forgetting in my fond idolatry, that this is a sphere, over which Death holds supreme sway.

We are all too prone to prone to lose sight of our own mortality until the shroud, the pall, and the funeral knell, force the ~~conviction~~ conviction upon our minds until the tomb's shadowy portals, shut from our gaze the dear forms of those we loved. I feel confident that the spirit of my child is with his Maker, yet I find it extremely difficult to lift my thoughts above his shrouding clay. The strong clear eye of Faith is wanting to pierce Death's ~~and~~ shadows, and enable me to fasten my thoughts on the undying part, whose habitation is far beyond the dark valley.

Affection clings to the dear clay,  
As though life still were there.



Mrs. A. K. Perry

E. Boston, Feb. 28. 1843.

East Boston Feb 28. 1843.

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Dear Sir,

I cannot withhold from you an expression of the gratitude which your kind and affectionate note, with the accompanying "Gift," received last evening, excited in my heart.

Be assured, I fully appreciate the benevolent motives, and tender sympathies which prompted the offering.

The current of my grief is not so impetuous, that amid the bosom's wild hearings, in this fearful conflict between Love and Death, I cannot listen to the soothing consolations which ~~flow~~ flow from the lips of valued friends. Oh, not they fall with a kindly influence on my ear, and alleviate as far as possible, nature's agony.

From you Sir, whose faith in the Wisdom of Providence, has been so severely, so sternly proved, (it would seem almost beyond its powers of endurance) whose heart has been lacerated by the severing of the dearest and holiest of ties, I say from such an one, the testimonies of sympathy and commiseration, have a twofold influence.

Yet after all, nature must have ways: my heart must bleed when the object of such yearning care and love is torn from my embrace. The parting pang is renewed, as oft the wound